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BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

NOVEMBER 29, 1954

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T. R. B.

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Washington Wire

It will take another six months, maybe a year, for the public to realize how Dulles has failed in the Far East. The next big Communist grab of territory will probably be there; it will be Viet-Nam, the southern part of Indo-China. When it falls into the Red lap it will be time to review Dulles' foreign policy.

Ike negotiated a quick truce in Korea without getting safeguards against Chinese aggression in neighboring areas. Acheson could probably have made a truce at the same price. Dulles kept saying he didn't want a truce that released Chinese strength to overrun Indo-China. That, of course, is exactly what happened. Dulles tried to hold the line with bluff and bluster: his collection of slogans, "massive retaliation," "seizing the initiative," "unleashing Chiang," "agonizing reappraisal" is surely one of the strangest epitaphs ever written over a dead foreign policy.

The GOP for years has denounced FDR for trusting Communist promises at "Yalta" and "Potsdam." But only last summer at Geneva the Communists made promises not to increase military strength in northern Viet-Nam, promises which Mendés-France here last week revealed are already violated. What happened was that with truce in Korea the Chinese shifted armament to Viet-Nam—the latest batch enough for three divisions, it is reported, two of them armored.

One of the other dearest GOP beliefs is that America somehow "betrayed" Chiang to Communists. Men who told the facts about the weakness and corruption of Chiang's administration, like John Paton Davies, are still being sacrificed. But now the situation exists all over again in Viet-Nam where natives won't fight to preserve greedy politicians and officials. We can pour in guns and tanks to preserve Viet-Nam as we did for Chiang, but unless it is understood that there are things of the spirit more important in holding a nation than guns and tanks, they will be lost as were those sent Chiang.

The rumor is all over Washington that Ike has had enough: he won't run again. Some trade union circles are basing political plans accordingly. We dissent. We have little doubt Ike is tired of his job: wants out. He has probably told friends so. The point we make is that what Ike wants has little to do with it. He is the GOP's biggest asset, about its only asset. Any man who runs for President nowadays accepts the two-term convention and the knowledge that to quit earlier will be denounced as a confession of failure. How can a general quit under fire? We think Ike is in for it, whether he knows it yet or not. And a very formidable candidate he is, too.

Are we seeing the birth of a new party? All the separate, conservative, crack-pot groups are rallying behind McCarthy. They tend to be isolationist, Old Guard—and two steps to the right of Louis XIV. They dislike Ike as much as Truman. There is Colonel McCormick's "For America" group; the Texas oil millionaires, whose spiritual mouthpiece is Facts Forum; the Committee for Constitutional Government, Inc.; and now a new honey, Ten Million Americans Mobilizing for Justice, run by retired admirals and generals, with Lt. Gen. Stratemeyer (Rtd.) heading it, and a strong racial-religious element backing Joe.

The thing that strikes us sadly is the parallel between the American conservatives' pursuit of McCarthy today, and the liberals' pursuit of Communism yesterday. What heartbreaks and disillusionment wrung many liberals in the slow discovery that Communism was not liberalism; what mortification and disgust lie ahead for many honest conservatives in learning that McCarthyism and conservatism cannot be equated!

We don't think the new Louis XIV Party will get very far, though it may splinter the GOP in 1956. But some kind of party realignment on a larger scale is overdue. There can be few times in history when the two big parties were so similar as now; they have been edging closer and closer together—to the middle. Under Ike the GOP has accepted most of the New Deal social revolution; on foreign affairs the two groups are almost identical except when Ike is appeasing his own high tariff isolationists. We don't see where the Democrats can go from now on, except left. Over the years we imagine it will turn out that way.

In the election Ike boasted about his housing legislation. At the Hollywood Bowl GOP rally, September 23, he said "And what has been done? . . . We have new housing programs. . . ." Now the Realtors' Washington Committee, the big lobby of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, gives its own frank appraisal of these "programs" at the Association's 47th annual convention. It gloats over halting public housing; it reports that, in its opinion, "this very restricted program" (*i.e.*, of the 83rd Congress) "sounds the death knell of our country's housing experiment unless it is revived by a subsequent Congress." Incidentally, in the 1952 Presidential campaign Mr. Eisenhower devoted only one full sentence, and the tag end of another, to this crucial problem of housing.

Shouldn't the government pay costs when it discovers that its informers have lied about some federal "security" victim who is subsequently reinstated, but only at the risk of bankruptcy from legal costs? What a jolly new world it is!—A government worker is presumed guilty till proved innocent, and if he is presumptuous enough to confound the witch-hunters he must ruin himself with the costs. From one point of view, of course, this is a very good system: it discourages federal employees from defending their reputations; that means more discharged "security risks" and a higher score card for the patriotic McLeods and Brownells.

Campaign expenditure reports show H. R. Cullen, Texas oil tycoon, and family, poured $25,000 into the Colorado fight that defeated Democrat John Carroll for the Senate; the Rockefeller group put in $5,500 and Pierre DuPont $3,000. . . .

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Emergence of a Truly Radical Party

As THE Army-McCarthy hearings closed last spring, Sen. John McClellan (D, Ark.) turned to Chairman Karl Mundt (R, S.D.) to tell him that the proceedings had testified "eloquently to the ineptness, to the lack of capacity of this Administration and the Republican Party to conduct the affairs of government without turmoil and harangue." The behavior of Republican Senators, and the "hands-off" attitude of the Republican Administration, during the current McCarthy censure debate both go a long way toward proving McClellan's charge. The immediate effect is practically to ensure that McCarthy will be censured.

The special session to consider censure was called by the Republican Majority Leader of the Senate, William Knowland of California. The special committee which recommended censure was chosen by the Republican Vice President of the United States, Richard Nixon—who took care to draft the staunchest middle-of-the-roaders he could find. Both Knowland and Nixon expressed the most profound confidence in this committee. Knowland said, "Personally, I would be willing to go on trial for my life before the group as a whole or before any individual member of the group. . . ." Yet neither of these Republican Senate leaders, nor a single member of the Republican Administration, has spoken one word to defend this, their chosen committee against McCarthy's accusation that it "has done the work of the Communist Party, that it not only co-operated in the achievement of its goals, but that in writing its report it imitated Communist methods—that it distorted, misrepresented and omitted. . . ." In fact, Knowland's only notable public act during the special session he called has been to use it as a platform from which to attack his President's foreign policy.

The Republicans left defense of the Senate's honor entirely to the chairman of the committee to which it had delegated the unpleasant duty of groping in the pools of McCarthy's venom for facts. Fortunately, Arthur V. Watkins (R, Utah), though sick with a sickness more disabling than a sore elbow and terribly ashamed of what his colleagues seemed ready to allow, was as tough a fighter as he had been impartial as a judge. And if any Republican present on the fifth day of the debate had the illusion that he could think of the Senate as somehow disassociated from its instrument the committee, not insulted when the committee was insulted, he was quickly disabused. Not a tall man, Watkins seemed tall as he turned and without raising his voice—he had no need to—pointed to one after another of the men around him and asked: "What are you going to do about it?"

"Continuous guerrilla warfare was waged against us by the Junior Senator from Wisconsin," Watkins said. "It was abuse heaped upon abuse. Lastly, in their own presence, right here in the Senate . . . Senators have seen what I have called their attention to, an attack upon their representative, their agent. . . . They have heard the Senator say that I am both stupid and a coward . . . that we [the committee] are either traitors or fools. . . . What are you going to do about it?"

"I may be a coward," Watkins continued, "but I am not going to compromise with that kind of attack, with the indecencies involved in it. . . ." Those indecencies did not, however, dismay most Republican Senators. One group, like Herman Welker of Idaho and William Jenner of Indiana, positively admired them; a few, like Wallace F. Bennett who asked that the attack upon his colleague from Utah, Watkins, also be condemned, disapproved. But the real leaders, the representative spokesmen of the Republican Senate, wanted exactly what Watkins spurned: compromise.

Nixon, Knowland, Alexander Smith of New Jersey, Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, Everett Dirksen of Illinois—these led the effort to compromise with indecency. Their first convert was a member of the committee itself: Francis Case of South Dakota. The incapacity of the Republican Party "center" to stand by a principle became clear.

But the official Republican compromise drive was foredoomed unless a good number of Democrats could be won over. At first glance, conservative Senators from the South seemed the likeliest recruits. Dirksen, Nixon, *et al.*, went to work first on James Eastland of Mississippi. The "unholy alliance" of Southern Democrats and conservative Republicans through which Robert A. Taft once ruled was to be re-formed for the greater glory of Joe McCarthy.

But the Republican leaders apparently

Be constructive. Ask what he wants for Christmas.

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had forgotten one characteristic of many Southern Senators: a deep respect for time-honored institutions—and particularly the US Senate—joined to a sense of dignity and a regard for proper procedure. When John Stennis of Mississippi denounced the "slush and slime" hurled at the Senate by McCarthy, and Sam Ervin of North Carolina said flatly that McCarthy deserved expulsion for his attack on the Committee, asking "does the Senate of the United States have enough manhood to stand up to Senator McCarthy?" the possibility of saving McCarthy with the help of Southern Democrats all but disappeared.

McCarthy's sore elbow has been made the excuse for postponing the debate until at least November 29—the Senate must by its own ruling finally adjourn before Christmas, so a filibuster now is a distinct possibility. In the meantime, the pro-McCarthy campaign by letter, midnight calls, and personal visits will be intensified, and every other pressure-trick conceivable applied. Southern Democrats especially will know no peace as the Republican leaders redouble their efforts to convert them. Those who would compromise may yet win. But the tactics their frenzy has forced on them and the nakedness of their retreat from principle places this price upon failure:

Some, perhaps many, of the Southerners they once could count on to cross the party aisle will in disgust be driven to the attitude McClellan expressed five months ago—that torn and divided as it now is, the Republican Party is the truly radical party, the party of the destroyers of traditional values, and no natural ally of the conservative.

Who Won in Ohio?

SUPPORTERS of Thomas A. Burke (D) have pooled their piggy banks to bet at least $75,000 that their man, not Rep. George Bender (R), is entitled to the two remaining years of the late Sen. Robert A. Taft's term. They are paying $10 the precinct for a look at the ballots cast in all the polling places in seven counties—including the industrial centers of Youngstown, Canton, Akron, Cincinnati, Columbus and Cleveland.

State election officials predict results of the recheck will be available about December 2, less than two weeks before Bender is slated to be sworn in. Results may affect the McCarthy censure vote, will certainly affect the precarious control of the upper chamber now held by the Democrats.

Named to the seat by Governor Frank Lausche (D) on Taft's death last year, Burke failed to run as well in urban Ohio as the polls had predicted, was trailing Bender by more than 9,000 votes when unofficial returns were in November 3. Two days later the official tally had whittled Bender's edge to a sliver: 6,041 out of 2.5 million votes cast. Looming large indeed at the end was the 37,000-vote margin Bender won in Bob Taft's home town.

Recount rumors, afloat the day after election, gained strength with publication of the official figures. Then, last week in Cincinnati, recount of a local ballot cast such doubt on reliability of the official canvass that Burke's backers decided to take the plunge.

What happened here was this:

A 382-vote defeat for proportional representation, whereby Cincinnatians have chosen their city council for many years, became a 790-vote PR victory when, in recounting ballots from 477 of 743 precincts, county election commissioners turned up errors amounting to 1,172 votes in favor of PR.

So far everyone concerned has been careful to avoid the charge of fraud. Observers agreed that this king-sized mistake was due to fatigue among booth officials who are required—except in Cleveland which uses the "two-platoon" system—to stay on the job from the moment the polls open at 6:30 A.M. until they complete their count, often 24 hours later. In the early hours of November 3, Cincinnati precinct workers were counting seven different ballots—six on local matters plus the cumbersome "bedsheet" ballot carrying all national, state and county offices.

It is held that serious errors crept into the work as the hours wore on. Widespread reports of laxity in applying strict bipartisanship in the counting and tallying only add to the possibility of carelessness. Since official returns are not based on a second count of the actual ballots, but only on an audit of tally books turned in by local election officials, such mistakes can't be uncovered short of a costly recount.

Whatever the reason for the PR error, that important switch whetted Democratic appetites for the answers to two questions:

Did the same thing happen to the Burke-Bender count in other counties, where forecasts indicated wider margins for Burke than official returns revealed?

The second question tantalizes close students of politics here: Why did Bender gather a bigger share of the Hamilton County vote than Taft won in 1950?

In 1950 Taft suffered no party-splitting primary. He opposed a Democrat so weak that Governor Lausche had repudiated him with a hint that he would vote for Taft. Mr. Republican's home county gave him 58 percent of the vote. Bender had been through a primary fight which left many Republicans lukewarm. He was up against a strong incumbent Democrat bearing the bles-

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sings of Lausche, whose current standing among Republicans may be measured by his unprecedented fifth term at the hands of voters who elected no other Democrats to state office. Yet, in this county 250 miles from home, Bender ran better than Bob Taft, with 58.3 percent.

Mitchell's Successor

ON DECEMBER 3, Stephen A. Mitchell will resign as National Chairman of the Democratic Party. Meeting in New Orleans on that day, the Democratic National Committee (composed of one Committeeman and Committeewoman from each state and territory) will elect a successor. Only three candidates are actively seeking the job: Paul Butler, Democratic State Chairman of Indiana; Michael DiSalle of Ohio, former Price Stabilizer under President Truman; and James Finnegan, President of the Philadelphia City Council.

Butler is Mitchell's personal choice to succeed him. Finnegan is being backed by Pennsylvania's Democratic National Committeeman, Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh, one of the four or five most powerful professionals in the party. DiSalle is energetically seeking votes for himself, especially in the states where the Eastern machine leaders have least influence. At present he leads in committed votes.

Chairman Mitchell argues that Butler would assure continuity in the job since he endorses Stevenson principles and represents a successful effort to take leadership of a state party organization away from a backward machine. Finnegan's backers answer that the same points can be made for their candidate, plus that of being a leader who has won a succession of victories in recent years. Mitchell is known to feel that Finnegan is an acceptable second choice.

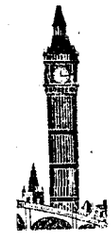
Two prominent Democrats have thus far held aloof from the maneuvering. Mr. Truman has merely made known his lack of enthusiasm for Butler—a bitter enemy of Mr. Truman's last National Chairman Frank McKinney. Adlai Stevenson has refused to go beyond granting Mitchell permission to dictate his successor if he can. The huge bloc of Southern Committee votes is still uncommitted. Sam Rayburn of Texas, the real leader of the party with Stevenson and Truman on the sidelines, thus has the virtual power to veto or to choose the new party head.

London Dispatch

AT THE climax of the worst British dock strike since 1949, 44,000 dockers—more than half Britain's dock labor force—were on strike. The port of London was idle for a month, and most of Britain's other ports for a fortnight.

The strike raises many significant points for an observer of the British labor movement. In the first place, it was as much a strike against the mammoth Transport and General Workers Union as against the employers—three quarters of the men concerned were TGWU members out against the instructions of their own leaders.

In the second place, it seems certain that the Communist Party played a decisive role in guiding the strike movement from the background, although few of the more prominent strike leaders were Communist Party members. This represents a new phase in British Communist Party tactics — a concentration on winning influence at the local level in the trade union movement rather than fighting for its national control.



In the third place the strike was called not for a wage increase, but to establish the principle that overtime working in the docks should not be compulsory, a very narrow issue which could easily have been settled by normal methods of conciliation—as it had been in many ports outside London. That such a large stoppage could have been caused over such a minor issue shows that there is still a serious malaise among the dock workers, although the Dock Labor Scheme introduced 10 years ago by Ernest Bevin did much to abolish the evils normally inevitable in an industry run by casual labor. All over the world dockers are among the most suspicious and aggressive of all workers, with a group solidarity which resists external argument. Many people are beginning to think that the British Dock Labor Scheme errs in giving the trade union disciplinary responsibilities which make the docker feel that it is not really on his side.

* * *

For three years the Labour Party's policy toward Europe has been paralyzed by a profound division on German rearmament, but last week this paralysis was ended when the Labour members of Parliament voted in favor of ratifying the Paris treaties. The German Social Democrats are now quite alone in opposing the Paris Treaties—the French Socialists have shown an overwhelming majority for ratification.

Labour Party members are still concerned about at least three aspects of the new set-up. Though it has rejected a precise commitment to talk with Russia before the treaties are ratified, the Labour Party will press for negotiations the first moment Russia shows any sign of a sincere will to meet Western demands for free elections in Eastern Germany. And it will insist that such negotiations should include all the major members of the Western alliance, so that there is no danger of one country reaching an agreement with Russia at the expense of another.

Also, there is still some anxiety about the danger of independent military or diplomatic action by Western Germany when she receives her independence. The Labour Party is determined that the proposed agency for controlling European arms production will be efficient, and there is a good deal of sympathy for the French idea of establishing a European Arms Pool as well. But the Labour Party is also beginning to realize that the most effective protection against dangerous initiatives by some future German Government is the vulnerability of Germany in the new age of world politics and strategy.

The Labour Party is also much concerned about the long-term implications of the British military pledge to the Continent. No one denies that this pledge was essential to the success of the London and Paris talks. And it is realized that its cost in money and manpower will be no greater, at least in the next few years, than that which would have fallen on Britain in any case. But some Labour M.P.s fear—and I am one of them—that unless immediate steps are taken to strengthen the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, America may take Britain's new pledge as a sign that she can reduce her own commitments. And I think that the whole of the Labour Party remains convinced that America's presence in Europe will be an indispensable condition of world peace for many years to come.

London DENIS HEALEY, M.P.

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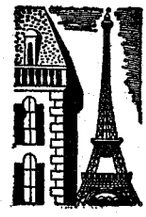
Paris Dispatch WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY

The visit of Pierre Mendès-France to the US is almost certain to be a major turning point in his official career. It is made—by chance and force of circumstances rather than design—at a time when he is finally beginning to tackle the national problems which he considers of primary importance for his country's future both at home and abroad. These are domestic rather than foreign. And in the United States the Premier is on the proving ground of some of the solutions he has come to offer.

For of all the Frenchmen who have held high office since the end of the war none more than Mendès-France has *been* pro-American in the sense of believing that his country has a vast amount to learn from the US in the techniques and human know-how of streamlining an economic structure and providing the social disciplines needed for modern progress. Although he is a French nationalist and a European internationalist, although he refuses to accept slavishly American guidance or even ideas about politics in his own country or anywhere, he is profoundly attracted by the American way of life. Although he insists that America shall lead as an equal among partners rather than as a mentor, he is enormously influenced by America's examples of practical achievement in a field which (his enemies say) overlaps from economic technology into a species of social and human technocracy.

Thus far Mendès-France has been tough—and successful—in getting foreigners to make large compromises with his views of what workable Western European, Atlantic and free world co-operation should be; and with his conception of the role his country can and should play in it. Now he has to be equally tough in getting his fellow-countrymen to change their ways of thinking and habits of life in order to make possible the playing of that role.



It won't be easy. France is a parliamentary representative democratic republic very different from the US. The power of the legislature to dominate—or at least, to resist—the executive is far greater by law because in the highly centralized system there are no other checks on executive excesses. France is a country in which parties represent economic and social interests more directly, more immediately, more selfishly, more nakedly; and in which all the groups in parliament, regardless of their state of permanent guerrilla warfare against one another, tend to line up together against strong governments of any kind, and above all, against strong men at the head of governments.

The timing of Mendès-France's visit to the US is unfortunate. If he had gone earlier, he might have cleared up misunderstandings in America about his personality and intentions, and thereby avoided increasing the suspicions and resentments in the Palais Bourbon. For he would have been working for France *in the world*. If the journey could have been put off until the Premier had fought and won a few battles for his conception of the domestic New Deal, his enemies might not have been able to use his absence as a time of planning and plotting his destruction.

As it is, that is precisely what they are doing. The circumstances and the nature of the vote of confidence given to him a few days before his departure showed clearly that he is heading for serious trouble in the Palais Bourbon. And in order to weather safely the coming storm he will need all the additional power and prestige that can come from a successful outcome of the American journey.

In the vote of confidence, the spread between the number of supporters and the number of opponents was narrower than in any other similar vote since he took office. The MRP (Popular Republicans), who are as anti-Communist as a French political party can be, sided with the Communists in the opposition.

The issue was a technicality. Behind it, however, was a clear test of strength—the Premier, insisting on speed, against Parliament, quibbling and quarrelling for delay. The Socialists and others of the anti-Communist Left, who expect of Mendès-France more than they did of Premiers of the Right, made greater demands than he could satisfy.

Mendès-France stood his ground. He refused to make deals or compromises with groups and parties in order to win votes; or to haggle with parliament as a whole in the time-honored and time-wasting process of striking a balance between the Premier and the Assembly—he was master and he made no effort to conceal his intention to remain just that as long as he stayed in office.

But he can remain Premier only if the Gaullists continue to support him on foreign policy and the Socialists, on such domestic issues as his attitude toward labor. Morever any serious decline in his high standing with public opinion might be fatal. And here, too, he is beginning to take risks, feeling convinced that he must lead rather than follow the people. Psychologically, he seems to win favor with the people by being tough with parliament. On the other hand, however, he has recently been more an economic technician than a sensitive barometer of public opinion. His declarations of war against alcoholism, indeed against drinking alcoholic beverages altogether, have allowed his enemies to spread the rumor that he favors some kind of prohibition. For most wine-drinking Frenchmen that would be too high a price to pay for a New Deal.

Then, in a country which spends more proportionally on food than any other and which is justly proud of the quality of its food, it isn't surprising that there should be alarm about the Premier's announcement to an audience of farmers: "That which is good should be sold abroad, and that which is bad we will eat ourselves." The workers are disturbed by his invocation of economic reasons—however sound they may be—to justify postponement of wage increases. This explains the difficulties he had encountered in his courtship of the Socialists. These—and many other—difficulties will increase while he is in the US. If he is to survive and prosper after his return he will have to show that he brought something back and left little behind in Washington.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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GERALD W. JOHNSON

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The Superficial Aspect

TOYNBEE, lecturing at the Johns Hopkins University the week after the election, observed that the world is now pretty much where Europe was at the time of the Peace of Westphalia. Communists and Capitalists, like seventeenth century Catholics and Protestants, have been fighting inconclusively for 30 years; there is no indication that either can win a complete victory in the predictable future, and there is every indication that continued fighting can reduce the world to the condition of Germany in 1648, that is, to cannibalism.

The religious belligerents had sense enough to quit, 300 years ago. It is frequently said that the Treaty of Westphalia settled nothing, and it did not concede victory to either side; but it did establish the principle that religion, whether of Rome or of Geneva, was not thenceforth to be used as an instrument of national policy. It also demonstrated, three centuries in advance, the hollowness of MacArthur's apothegm that "in war there is no substitute for victory." Common sense is a substitute, now as then.

If American liberalism is to demonstrate competence in statecraft under existing conditions, it must be as resourceful as Mazarin; and resourcefulness is not exhibited by those liberals who seem to think they are still voting for FDR. Certainly Roosevelt was a great man, but so was Lincoln, so was Andrew Jackson; and one attribute, besides greatness, common to the three is that they are all dead.

The New Deal is out, the Fair Deal is out, and the Misdeal is obviously on its way out. None can be resuscitated, and if any could it would not serve the needs of the future. Hamlet's father was doubtless a mighty king, but his ghost could not rule Denmark. All its interposition effected was ruin.

Some liberals cling to the belief that the vital spark of the liberal polity of the past 25 years was its altruism. Perhaps that did inspire the Pure in Heart, but what hooked the Morally Stunted was not its altruism, but its realism. FDR faced the facts that he was dealing with a busted nation, that prosperity was not just around the corner, and that he didn't know all the answers. Truman faced the fact that there was an appreciable difference between his wisdom and Omniscience and showed willingness to learn. This persuaded the Morally Stunted that at least we were living in the real world, not wandering in a realm of fantasy, so, being like the grasshoppers for number, they piled up the majorities.

I believe they would pile them up again if liberalism would announce its firm adherence to two propositions, first, that Communists are people, not Incubi endowed with infernal powers that enable them to make a monkey of any American not under the protection of Joe McCarthy; and, second, that stacking mountains of butter in warehouses while consumers pay a dollar a pound is not an agricultural panacea.

This is not in fact to yield anything to the opposition. Containment of Communism and 90-percent parity were both reasonable expedients when they were adopted, and each carried us through a crisis without disaster. But they were expedients, adapted to the realities of the moment; and a different set of facts requires a different expedient.

The central fact of the international situation, the one fact to which all others are ancillary, is that we haven't got, and we can't get what it takes to blast the Communist half of the world out of existence; if we try it, we shall be blasted ourselves to such an extent that the survivors would be few and weak. Therefore "massive retaliation" is not an idea, it is merely a convenient expression of the non-existent, like the square root of minus one.

Such expressions may have their uses in the abstruse calculations of high diplomacy, but they are nothing to offer the Morally Stunted when you are trying to secure their support, as witness November 2. Liberalism should offer something visible and tangible, and it might be well advised to clear the way by staging a pair of fine funerals.

LET US offer decent interment to a couple of ideas that served FDR and Truman, but are now quite extensively dead. Let us lay away handsomely, under classical epitaphs, first, the idea of the Communist as a supernatural Incubus, and second, the idea of storing up butter while the consumers go without. Over the Incubus let it be written, "I count nothing human alien to me," and over the butter, " 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

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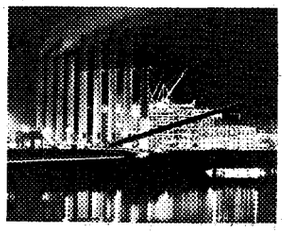
Portraits From the Valley

I. "Ike Never Paid a Power Bill"

by Michael Straight



BY A NARROW, party line vote, a Congressional Committee that no longer speaks for the majority has moved the Dixon-Yates contract one step nearer completion. It goes now to the Securities Exchange Commission, the Congress and perhaps the Courts.

Detail by detail, the contract will be debated by the Democrats and discussed in the press. And yet the contract, in its revised form, is no worse than others signed by the Atomic Energy Commission. It is being resisted, while they were approved, because it has come to dramatize and symbolize two developments: the willingness of the Eisenhower Administration to exploit the AEC for political objectives and the hostility of the Administration to the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The editors of the *New Republic* believe that TVA is in danger and that its continued development or slow decay will be one of the great domestic issues of the next two years. Our attitude toward TVA's past accomplishments is well known to our readers. But TVA's own role has changed, and President Eisenhower has placed the opposition to TVA on new grounds. His argument must be considered and is well worth considering. Accordingly, the *NR*'s editor traveled through the region in late October to reappraise the TVA in current terms. In this, the first of three articles, he reports the views of representative Southerners toward TVA's basic achievement. The second article will interpret the present conflict over TVA as seen from the valley; the third will consider the alternatives before TVA.

NO SIGNPOST marks the edge of the region where the streams begin to widen on their way to Chickamauga Dam. No hint of atomic bomb plants down the valley is offered by the Virginia towns whose names are Max Meadows and Rural Retreat. But radar eyes sweep the horizon there, alert for all intruders. Six minutes after I crossed the Air Defense Identification Zone, 150 miles northeast of Knoxville, a silver jet interceptor flashed under the wing of my plane. Three times it circled in voracious arcs and with loaded guns bore down upon me out of the morning mist. The pilot looked me over as he passed and concluded that I was harmless. With an expulsion of dark smoke, like a fleeing squid, the interceptor returned to its vigil in the stratosphere.

If the jet pilot was puzzled, I was paralyzed. But as I thawed out I realized that this was, after all, a logical introduction to a region transformed in the course of 20 years from a rural slum to the strategic center of the nation.

TVA had brought about that transformation. And TVA's uncertain future was the reason for my flight. Days of Congressional testimony on the Dixon-Yates contract had made it plain that the issue was not the six percent of the region's power supply that the Dixon-Yates plant was to provide but the 94 percent already provided by TVA. The question was not whether the Dixon-Yates syndicate was entitled to a nine-percent or a seven-percent return, but whether TVA itself was still a national asset and a means of promoting a better life for the six million residents of the valley.

President Eisenhower and his advisers had raised that question and reached a tentative conclusion: TVA was part of the dread disease that President Eisenhower called "creeping socialism." Speaking at McNary Dam on October 5, the President declared, in an obvious reference to TVA, that the "malignant bureaucracy" of government, once injected into a region inevitably robbed it of morale and initiative and finally of the will to survive free.

It was a grave charge, one which, if true, would justify the prompt dismantling of TVA. It was to test the charge, to reappraise the fundamental impact of TVA and only then to consider its present plight that I flew in late October to Alabama where the hook of the Tennessee River turns to the northwest.

We sat in the Why Not Eat Here Cafe in the main street of Decatur and Quince Ettens, the manager of the city's Electric Department, poked the man beside him in the ribs. "I see where Ike's power bill is going up another 10 percent!" he said. Everyone chuckled, and I asked why.

"Down here," said Barrett Shelton, the editor and publisher of the *Decatur Daily*, "we may vote against Ike but we try hard to like him. We don't see how any man as decent as Ike can be so wrong about the TVA."

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"We were sitting around one night and puzzling and one of us said, 'I bet Ike never paid a power bill in all his life—that's why he don't understand.' So we decided that if Ike didn't have the facts about his own power bills, we'd get them for him, and we did."

"You know," said Shelton, "we figured a 25-percent write-up, or even a 35-percent write-up would be about right for that private utility that supplies the White House. But darn if we didn't find that the White House rates are 75 percent above Decatur's! Why, we figured Ike could save himself $4,000 a year if Quince here was providing his power. We sent all the facts to Ike. We never got a reply. There isn't a man in Decatur thinks our letter ever got past the palace guard that put Ike up to this attack on TVA."

Out in the hot sun, we paused on the sidewalk as every passing farmer and tradesman stopped Ettens and slapped him on the back. He was Quince to every man, and they were George and Fred. Watching him, a stocky, humorous man in his shirt-sleeves, I tried and failed to clothe him in the image of the malignant bureaucrat that Eisenhower had drawn in fear of TVA.

"Malignant bureaucracy," cried Ettens when I quoted the President. "There's your malignant bureaucracy!" We were sitting in his office in the brand new building of the Electric Department and he pointed to the gentle and smiling Barrett Shelton. "I'm responsible to a board of three Decatur men—a brick manufacturer, an insurance salesman and Barrett here. They're responsible directly to the people. They get $15 for their efforts (if it was $100 the wrong man would politick hisself on the board for the money). And if the people decide they're not worth it, they throw them out."

"Maybe the President meant the TVA officials," I said.

"Look," said Ettens, "we run this power board. The TVA never gave an order in its life, neither to us, nor to the other 150 distributors that retail its power. The Tennessee Valley Authority is under contract to us, that's all. That contract requires us to keep rates down, and to set aside adequate reserves. That's the way it has to be or some of the weaker boards in the Valley might give in to temptation. Apart from that the word *Authority* doesn't belong in the vocabulary of the Valley. I wish they'd never thought it up!"

"Well," I said, "you don't look too malignant to me." Quince grinned. "Everybody in Decatur kicks me around," he said. "Why even that banty rooster, the superintendent of education, has got the brass of a brass monkey when it comes to me. He caught me the other day at the Kiwanians and he said, 'Quince, how come you don't make a cheap rate for the schools?' 'Look, Mister,' I said, 'my department pays $10,000 a year in taxes just as a contribution to your schools. Then we save you another $5,000 a year in electric rates. Without my department you wouldn't even have a new high school to ask special rates for!' "

"Maybe I misstated the President's argument," I said. "His real point is that federal aid slowly drains a region of its vitality and enterprise."

"Listen," said Quince, "I was raised and educated by the Alabama Power Company and I know the meal the utilities feed the President. It's poison."

"When I came here 16 years ago," said Ettens, "we had 6,000 Kilowatt Volt Amperes in two substations in Decatur. Now we have 75,000." He reached in his drawer for a sheaf of papers but Maynard Layman, Vice President, Circulation Manager, Farm Editor and general handyman of the *Decatur Daily,* intervened. "Let's not tell him the answer to that one. Let's let him see for himself what's happened to vitality and enterprise in Decatur in the 20 years since TVA came to the Valley."

* * *

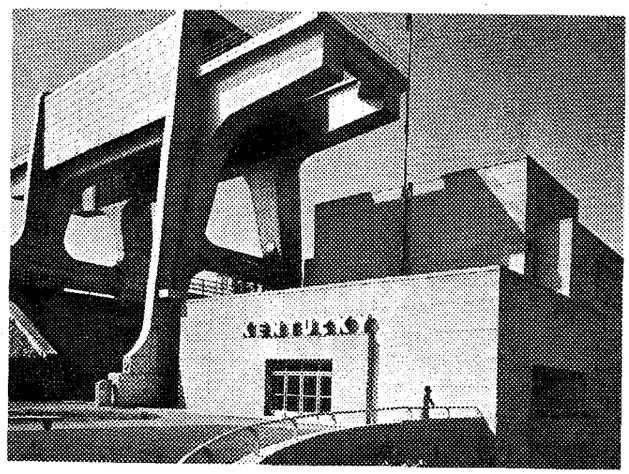
We drove inland from the waterfront where Decatur's new industries rise and over gutted roads to where a blackened roundhouse stood among overgrown weeds.

"We were a one-industry town before TVA came, and this was the industry," said Layman. "Twenty-one hundred men worked here, in the shop of the old Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Sherman fought for this Junction, but the long hauls brought an end to it. The shop closed down in 1933."

"I'll show you what happened," said Layman, and we drove on, past rows of old houses, now boarded up, a lined street of stores, now husks, a corner with a sign reading "Bring back prosperity, vote for Roosevelt and Garner." "This," said Layman, "was once the most prosperous part of Decatur."

We drove on past an aging, empty factory. "Our one other source of jobs," Layman explained. "We used to raid the North for industries back in the twenties. We brought this old mill and its old machinery from New England with the aid of the Alabama Power Company in 1927. Three years later it went broke."

"That," said Layman, "was all there was in Decatur, and beyond Decatur was a one-crop county growing



TVA's Kentucky Dam is of value for flood regulation to the Lower Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

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five-cent cotton. The farms were foreclosed. And seven of the eight banks in the county quit.

"Oh, there wasn't a corner in the nation more flat broke than Decatur. Why I remember when Old Man —Barrett that is—talked Goodyear into coming to look over the mill. That was in 1933 and Old Man had to walk sideways through the streets beside the Goodyear official to hide all the patches in his pants."

"When TVA came in," said Layman, "we were all against it. We didn't care about cheap power then. We wanted jobs. We'd worked to get jobs from other parts of the country, and the power company had helped us. So we fought TVA."

Layman handed me a pamphlet. "Read this: Old Man describes what happened back in 1934." I read:

> . . . Into this dismal setting one late midwinter afternoon came David Lilienthal, then a member of the Board of Directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Four of our citizens who had long been hopeful of improving conditions met him in conference. We were almost frankly hostile, for he represented to us another way of thought and another way of life. Our conversation might be summarized in this fashion: "All right, you're here, you were not invited, but you're here. You are in command now, what are you going to do?"
>
> Dave leaned his chair back against the wall and the twinkle of a smile came into his eyes as he said gently and firmly, "I'm not going to do anything. You're going to do it."
>
> He went on to say that TVA would provide the tools of opportunity—flood control, malaria control, navigation on the river, low-cost power, test-demonstration farming to show how our soil could be returned to fertility, a fertility lost through land erosion, another wayward child of a one-crop system. "What you do with these tools," he said, "is up to you."

THE CAR stopped outside a new hosiery mill. We went inside and Layman put his arm around the shoulder of a young company executive. "One of my newsboys," he said. "They're in every plant in town!" We walked between pounding looms and lines of women sewing. The pay sheets showed an average wage of $1.32 an hour for the women, and $2.25 for the men.

"TVA brought us power," said Layman, back in the car, "but it wasn't just cheap power that gave us that mill. You know what Old Man is always saying? 'TVA's great contribution was to bring not cheap power but a change in our thinking'."

"Read some more," said Layman as we drove on. The pamphlet continued:

> Later Dr. Harcourt Morgan, another member of the TVA Board of Directors, came to us. . . .

"What a night that was!" Layman interrupted. "We met in the American Legion hall on the second story of a furniture store, and the old stove overheated and almost burned the place down! Go on . . . "

> He talked to us about lime and phosphate and legumes and the relationship of people and the land. . . .

"He sure did!" said Layman. "And none of us understood a word of it! You see we were uneducated then. We were a way down on the totem pole, and it took us six weeks and a stack of old dictionaries to figure out what the Doctor had said. Keep reading!" I read:

> He did not speak of great industry. Rather did he speak of the need for farm markets and farm processing plants and of increasing the value of our farm products through manufacturing processes. He opposed the tearing down of other sections of the United States by seeking their industry with subsidy, the promise of cheap electricity and poorly paid labor. He told our people the simple story of making the most of what we had, of developing our own natural resources, of putting to work the little capital that we owned, of growing our own industry based upon the resources of the land. . . .
>
> We decided then and there that . . . we had to pioneer an entirely new plan of economics. . . .

"Old Man won't take the credit," said Layman, "but he started a Chamber of Commerce with the last $3,000 in town. Then he and two bankers went down to Moultrie to talk about the boll weevil, and they came back with peanuts and pigs. . . . "

We were driving along the waterfront again and Layman talked fast.

"Those towers are the flour mills that TVA navigation brought in. We never grew grain in this county until TVA came. Now those trucks are unloading part of a $3 million crop of grain our farmers grow each year for what they call the Biscuit and Bible Belt. . . .

". . . That's the seed cleaning plant. The TVA brought in phosphates. We had to import vetch from Oregon. We found we could grow it here, but we couldn't clean it. . . . So he sent out a group to the Willamette Valley to study cleaning and the Tennessee Valley Fertilizer Cooperative put up the plant. . . .

". . . That's the shipbuilding yard. . . . TVA navigation again. . . . That's Clancy's lumberyard. . . . an old individualist Republican if there ever was one, but the British newsprint firm of Bowaters came to the Valley because of TVA's reforestation policy and Clancy saw some slabs of timber going to waste. So he went over to Sweden and brought back a debarking machine. He chops up the slabs and sells them to Bowaters and now he's putting up docks for river navigation as well. . . . "

At one end of the waterfront was Wolverine Tube: a copper processing plant a third of a mile long, placed in Decatur despite the competition of 274 communities. At the other end was a new rayon plant. The foreman

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who led us through the Wolverine factory was a local farm boy. The chemist who showed us around the rayon plant was another of Layman's newspaper carriers; the first to return to Decatur with a university degree, and Layman's special pride. "We spend $10,000 educating each young man," he explained. "We've lost 2,000 men each year from Lawrence County. When they start coming back instead of going North and West everything seems worthwhile."

"It's like Old Man says there," Layman said. Shelton's pamphlet continued:

> These industries, land builders and man builders, could never have been pictured in the minds of a defeated people, of a people who in the year before TVA saw an uncontrolled river flood and wash away the best soil, erode the back lands, wash crops, houses and barns down an angry stream.
>
> You can see by now that the opportunities which were at hand in the development of the river and the region were being seized upon by our people with renewed courage and confidence. We now knew that we couldn't be licked again, that what had been preached to us by TVA was the economic truth.

"So federal aid to the region hasn't destroyed initiative and freedom after all," I said.

"Read the next page," Layman answered.

> The population of our town has grown from 12,000 to 24,000 and yet, the most significant change has been in the thinking of our people. We have come from the status of a well-nigh beaten citizenry, merely existing, to a hopeful, exuberant, smilingly confident people, serene in the belief that given the opportunities afforded through making the fires of nature the servant of man . . . we could rise to heights of good citizenship. . . .

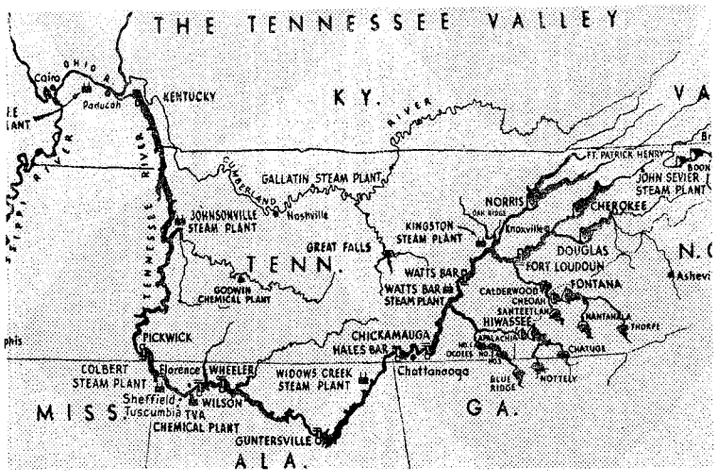
"How can you be certain," I asked, "that all this wouldn't have happened without TVA?"

"Old Man's got the answer to that," said Layman. "Read the last sentence, and remember like I told you, that he and all the rest of us fought TVA at the first."

The last sentence read:

> . . . visitors come into our section of the Valley and ask: "Wouldn't this all have happened without a TVA?" And my answer to one and all is "It didn't!"

TVA, I reflected, wasn't the whole story. For one factor, the obvious competence and high morale of private enterprise had grown on me throughout the day as we toured through Decatur's factories and mills. But the Tennessee Valley suffered from disabilities deeper than those which the rest of the nation overcame in the years of the New Deal and the war. And private enterprise alone could not have brought about the transformation of the Valley. Nor were the federal expenditures themselves of primary importance. TVA was the unifying



force that brought together farmers, bankers, manufacturers and civic leaders, providing them with the means and objectives of co-operation and inducing in them a new attitude to their community and to themselves. Certainly they were stronger now, but without TVA the region could fail again to respond to enduring needs, the intricate pattern of prosperity here and throughout the valley could slowly break apart.

We stood on Clancy's dock in the twilight, where the barges were unloading on the Tennessee River. "It's good," said Layman, "to see the livestock coming down the river in barges instead of belly up.

"Now," he continued, "you see what TVA means to us. We're not trying to force our pattern on anyone," he went on, "but we're not going to give it up. This system that we've built belongs to all the people of the United States and we're going to protect it, for them as well as for our children.

"And there's another reason," said Layman. "Just read the cover of Old Man's pamphlet and you'll see."

The cover read: "*An Address to the United Nations Scientific Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources.*"

"The United Nations wanted someone to tell the story of TVA to that world conference," Layman explained. "They asked Gordon Clapp, the Chairman and Clapp said no, the story should be told by a citizen of the Valley. So they chose Old Man. Course he'd never have done it if they hadn't gone ahead and announced he was coming. He's too modest."

"But what do you think Old Man's father would have said about that?" said Layman. "He lived here all his life and Old Man's lived here all his life and so have all the rest of us.

"The world overseas didn't mean much to us 20 years ago. But now it does. Because every week or so someone comes through from India or Australia or Scotland, or some country we never heard of before. They tell us that when someone asks what's good in America, where they came from, the answer is TVA. They're setting up their own TVAs and they're here studying us to take advantage of the mistakes we made and the lessons we've learned.

"We were nothing in 1934," said Layman. "Now we're one of the wonders of the world."

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"Nobody Loves Joe . . . (But the Peepul)"

by Walter Goodman

IN FRONT of Constitution Hall's main entrance, three men hawked *God Bless McCarthy* shields—10 for a dollar. A rented truck was parked across the street—on its side, in three-foot-high red letters, the question: "WHO PROMOTED PERESS?" Under the eyes of Robert Casadesus, 3,600 Americans—extending their "Admit Free One Anti-Communist" cards—made for the entrance. Attached to the bosom of some of the women were county fair Honorable Mention Ribbons celebrating their place of origin: "Massachusetts Citizens for Senator McCarthy." New York and Boston bingo night regulars made acquaintance: "Missus Brady . . . Missus Connell. Missus Connell . . . Missus Brady." There were *I Like Joe* buttons, small American flags, a few Legion caps. There were signs: Descriptive ones:

Militant	Righteous
Courageous	Tenacious
Constant	Honest
Articulate	Yankee

And suggestive ones—"Give McCarthy What He Deserves!"

Inside, the placard bearers marched among the flag wavers as lusty chants of WHO PROMOTED PERESS? resounded through the hall. One clean-cut lad circulated with a butterfly net. The corps of women down front had already begun cheering; they yelled greetings to one another across the hall. More restrained balcony anti-Communists busied themselves signing postcards demanding justice for Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, others studied petitions urging the US Senate to investigate the left-wing conspiracy now undermining the state of Wisconsin. Promptly at eight p.m. about 70 distinguished personages, led by a lady representing Wisconsin's For America Club, emerged to take their seats on the flag-bordered stage. The National Rally for McCarthy and —in smaller print—Our Present Congressional Committees was under way.

AMERICA
PERSECUTING SEN. McCARTHY
64 QUESTION: McCARTHY HATERS DESERVE?
MOSCOW HATES McCARTHY
WE FROM FLORIDA BOW TO THE PEOPLE OF WISCONSIN for SEN. McCARTHY
MASSACHUSETTS THANKS WISCONSIN SEN. McCARTHY
CENSURE
DID PROMOTE

AFTER a brief organ prelude, the Rev. Kenneth Woodring, of the Calvary Memorial Church in Hyattsville, Md., delivered the invocation. He gave thanks to God for the Bill of Rights and Joe McCarthy. Everybody got up to pledge allegiance to the flag under God; everybody sat down; everybody got up again to sing the national anthem, led by a handsome young baritone named Vince Mathias. Mr. B. M. Miller, Chairman of the Washington Ad Hoc Committee which was sponsoring the affair, came forward to greet the gathering and to inform them that the sole aim of Marxism-Leninism is to destroy all God-fearing people. Mr. Miller is active in the Arlington educational system: "Of course I don't have a long string of degrees; if I did I wouldn't be here tonight." (Laughter.) But, in his own down-to-earth fashion, he is combating the infiltration of UNESCO, one-worldism and clay modeling in his community's schools. In this time of peril, Mr. Miller made it clear, the country needs engineers, not dancers. He was applauded 26 times in nine minutes.

The evening's Master of Ceremonies, Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, National Director of the American Jewish League Against Communism, not to mention Co-ordinator of the Joint Committee Against Communism in New York, continued the greeting in detail. The rabbi welcomed to "this tremendous hall" people from the "distant corners of the United States," including the "devoted city of New York," the "great state of Texas," and the "powerful-hearted, powerful-lunged city of Boston," all of whom had pilgrimaged to the capital to make it plain eternally that "Their hero is Joe McCarthy!" Oracular without being obscure, the extrovert rabbi (who is dedicating himself these days exclusively to the lay world) revealed that Sen. John McClellan (D, Ark.) and Rep. Francis Walter (D, Pa.) get their ideas from cunning Madison Avenue publicists; where the latter get *their* ideas from, he left unsaid. Once they do in McCarthy, they'll go after Nixon, he prophesied. And, anyway, why doesn't somebody censure Flanders? And furthermore, WHO PROMOTED PERESS? Rabbi Schultz garnered 24 bursts of applause in 11 minutes.

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Now handsome young baritone Vince Mathias returned to sing a song specially written for the occasion by a patriotic refugee from the Chinese Communists. The piece, with the neatly turned title, *Nobody's for McCarthy (But The People)*, features a satiric *Volga Boatman* air ("Jo-oe must go.") and builds up to a ragtime chorus that packs a real emotional wallop:

> No-bo-dy's for McCar-thy but the peo-ple—
> And we just love our Joe.

Rabbi Schultz waved his arms impresario-like during the community sing, encouraged Vince to oblige with an encore, and recommended that this heartening number be vocalized by men, women and children throughout our great land.

Now it was introduction time: "Our hero from the Middlewest," Rep. Fred Busbey; "A modest man sitting in the back there," Westbrook Pegler, who in response to shouts of "Speech! Speech!" won the hearts of all by inquiring in his modest way, "WHO PROMOTED PERESS?"; "That famous author," Frieda Utley; Sen. Karl Mundt; Hamilton Fish; and Burton K. Wheeler. Among the other patriots expansively acknowledged by the rabbi: a past president of the Queens YMCA; a vice president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs; the National Director of the Catholic War Veterans; a past president of the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies; a vice president of the New York State AFL; a vice president of the Sons of the American Revolution; the president of the New York State Ancient Order of Hibernians; the president of the Chicago Americans for McCarthy; Vivian Kellems; and Mrs. Schultz. The rabbi's beaming introduction of the editor of the *Brooklyn Tablet* was especially well received. One celebrity present but unrecognized, was John Maragon, the convicted five-percenter. He said he came "to learn the best way to get rid of Commies and save America."

Having done with this widely representative group, Rabbi Schultz turned to his right where eight black-frocked, blue-and-gold besashed women sat waiting. They were the mothers of soldiers still missing in Korea. "Picture it . . . picture it . . . not dead . . . not alive . . . maybe dead . . . maybe alive . . . picture it . . . picture it." To aid the non-visually inclined in picturing it, the rabbi called to the center of the stage a Bronx mother "of my own faith" whose 22-year-old son has been missing for two years. In a dialogue reminiscent of John J. Anthony's heartstring-tugging Sunday evening half hours of a few years back, the lady described her son as a six-foot-three-and-a-half-inch blond, curly-haired, brown-eyed boy. She's written 2,000 letters to officials all over the land and received nothing but promises; Senator McCarthy, however, is one man who has "kept fighting for the liberation of our sons from Red-held hands." If Joe is shut up, she warned, "Your sons will be sold down the river never to be seen again."

A father of one of the missing men leaned on the speaker's stand and demanded that the government show the same spirit as his forebears in defending America's heroes. "What this country needs is more McCarthyism, more McCarthys!" Rabbi Schultz intoned gravely, "that knowledge was born of suffering." The father burst irrepressibly from his still-cool chair to damn the UN as "a cesspool of traitors and Communists." A Captain Doyle from Colorado, founder and leader of the Fighting Home Folks of Fighting Men, rose to declare, upon Rabbi Schultz's prompting, that he was using the "blood money" from his son's insurance to get the missing men back. It was now 9:15, time for the rabbi to introduce proudly a man "whom I prophesy will become one of our greatest leaders," a man whose "brilliance, patriotism and statesmanship" have impressed themselves indelibly on Rabbi Schultz's mind. He was talking about Sen. Herman Welker.

Senator Welker spoke with the ardour of one who has just finished a much too starchy meal. Unlike Rabbi Schultz of sparkling teeth and rounded syllables, Senator Welker drove his words singly through a slit at one corner of his mouth; he slouched over the stand, hands deep in pockets. "For my own part," he muttered, "I wish to say this only, that this is a sad occasion." After saying this only, he talked for an hour and twenty minutes, his phrases wafting nostalgically over all the patriotic heads. " . . . My precious wife . . . " declared the Senator. " . . . My little testimony to that great American . . . one of the greatest champions of human liberty . . . I have tried a few lawsuits in my time . . . you fine people from the great state of Wisconsin . . . splendid, red-blooded Americans . . . this magnificent audience tonight. . . ."

"WHO PROMOTED PERESS?" a resonant voice

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from the orchestra demanded, and the refrain was taken up by the freshly roused body. Senator Welker admitted he didn't know, but he pledged, "Fellow Americans, as long as I stay in the Senate of the United States, I'll try to find out." Thus mollified, his listeners went back to listening, and he went back to the " . . . cradle of human liberty . . . this historic building . . . standing in the shadows of those never-dying symbols of freedom . . . that make your heart beat a little bit faster . . . George Washington . . . Paul Revere . . . Patrick Henry . . . give me liberty or give me death . . . only one life to give for my country. . . . " Did they remember the traitor General? he asked. "Zwicker!" came the unanimous retort. After a half hour's wandering through America's archives, the Senator proceeded to paraphrase the first McCarthy statement in the censure debate. He included himself humbly among such greats as Martin Dies ("My sympathy goes out at the name of Martin Dies"), Fred Busby, Burt Wheeler, and Pat McCarran ("the author of more constructive legislation than any man *I've* ever heard about").

Reverently the speaker recalled: "When I first met Joe he was a bachelor and he came to me and said, 'Herman, please don't undertake what I've tried to do. I'm a bachelor, but your lovely wife and your precious daughter'—and they're sitting back there in the Idaho box, God bless them. . . . " Welker remembered how he had been inspired to run for the Senate ("God must've had something to do with it") by picking up a copy of Senator Jenner's great speech attacking Millard Tydings. "Welker," he said to himself, "you're doing all right in the private practice of law, but if you have one ounce of patriotism in you, you'll have to join the fight." Then—to his audience once more: "I bet the Communists are really laughing up their sleeves tonight."

THE SENATOR accused the press and radio "across the breadth and length of this great land" of distorting the McCarthy issue; personally he'd rather "be caught dead with Joe than live with the weak sisters"; he prayed "that God will give Joe McCarthy (he's not a well man) the strength to go through what he's going through"; if his own stand alongside—or slightly behind—McCarthy leads to political suicide, so what! Just as the legislator was verging on his fourth "this precious country of ours," an outburst at the door jerked the attention of his audience to the rear of the hall. To cries of "Joe! It's Joe!" Senator McCarthy himself entered, accompanied by his wife, with a couple of police captains running interference. The crowd stood as one and roared; the decorated bosoms heaved. "I touched him," one gray-haired lady moaned.

Organ music swelled strong, the assembly gave out with "We want Joe! We want Joe!" Joe waved; the flags waved; the placards waved; pretty Mrs. McCarthy waved. Rabbi Benjamin Schultz grinned down upon the good kindred world below his podium. "We want Joe!" the hall boomed. But Senator Welker wasn't done yet. "Time is running out," he warned, and a hopeful shiver stirred the assemblage. "I could talk to you forever," he threatened. Senator Welker's peroration was the 23rd Psalm. He lost his place once and stumbled over a few unfamiliar words. "We need more Herman Welkers in the US Senate," said Rabbi Schultz.

THE RABBI then presented Joe with a plaque and the organ played *Nobody's for McCarthy* (*But The People*). Joe embraced Benjamin while the crowd cheered and flashbulbs popped. Then Joe embraced Herman while the crowd cheered and flashbulbs popped. The room became hushed; it was the moment for Joe to speak. He wept, his throat was full and he choked as he pounded his stand at the grieving mothers: "We don't know whether your sons or husbands are living in a blood-stained Communist dungeon or are dead." He called the newly comforted ladies "victims of massive appeasement" and blew his nose. He contrasted the weak-kneed Administration's restraints on Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek with Teddy Roosevelt's unequivocal resistance to the Barbary Coast pirates. "Where are the 900 uniformed men? Where are the 32 airmen?" Joe's words came out thick. The congregation held its collective breath; a few women dabbed at their eyes. In the stillness, Joe blew his nose. After a moment to fight back those recurrent sobs, he recommended depriving nations which trade with China of all dollar aid.

As for himself, he'd been watching the Senate proceedings for several days and (in a throbbing, halting voice) "it makes me sick deep down." It all reminded him of one cold morning on Bougainville. ("We saw much fighting and dying there.") He was a tail gunner with a Marine squadron and was at a briefing session where a chaplain "whose remains are now on the floor of the Pacific," told the men to keep in mind two fundamental truths: "There is a God who is eternal. Each of you has a soul that is immortal." This comforts Joe in these times when he is obliged to look on the double-dealing and double-crossing of those with whom he is compelled to associate.

The Senator took his seat and after a full minute ovation his followers started to leave theirs. Rabbi Schultz appeared again to call out, "He's our resolution!" and he energetically cheered. The rabbi chuckled with delight upon being assured by Joe that he (Benjamin) was an Irishman at heart. The crowd cheered again. Handsome young baritone Vince Mathias sang *Nobody's for McCarthy* (*But The People*) and followed this with the first and fourth stanzas of *America*. The Rev. Edward J. Carney, O.S.A. delivered the benediction. Outside, the rented truck bade farewell to the 3,600 anti-Communists with that red, three-foot question: WHO PROMOTED PERESS?

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Nehru Loses His Jim Farley

by Selig S. Harrison

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU is not a man to bother about political fence-building. The Indian people lavish such affection on him that a frankly personal machine always seemed superfluous and even degrading. Besides, in the days of the freedom movement, Mahatma Gandhi and Nehru both had their Jim Farley in the late Sardar Patel, "Iron Man" of India's founding triumvirate.

In a showdown, the Congress Party machine that Patel built answered to its maker—for all its tribute to Nehru as idol of the masses. Even now, Nehru has few effective lieutenants he can really call his own among the survivors of the old Patel apparatus ruling the states. So the Prime Minister has entrusted his high-level hatchet work to a small palace guard. He has relied most heavily on a finnagling old friend and Cabinet stalwart, Rafi Ahmad Kidwai, a nimble political pixie who was the one man sure to get results and then quickly cover his tracks.

Shortly before Nehru's recent return from Communist China, Kidwai suddenly died of a heart attack at the age of 60. A high Indian official now in the United States fears that this deep personal tragedy, striking Nehru at a critical point in his career, will "badly aggravate the Prime Minister's sense of loneliness."

Nehru will now have no trusted adviser competent to ease, where it counts, one of the world's heaviest political and administrative burdens. Kidwai alone consistently produced solutions that combined a respect at once for the hard facts of a dilemma and for Nehru's ideals as well. He was among the last of Nehru's old, pre-Independence inner circle still with him. Some of this company have died. Others, such as his friends in the Socialist Party, have broken with him in a bittersweet political separation.

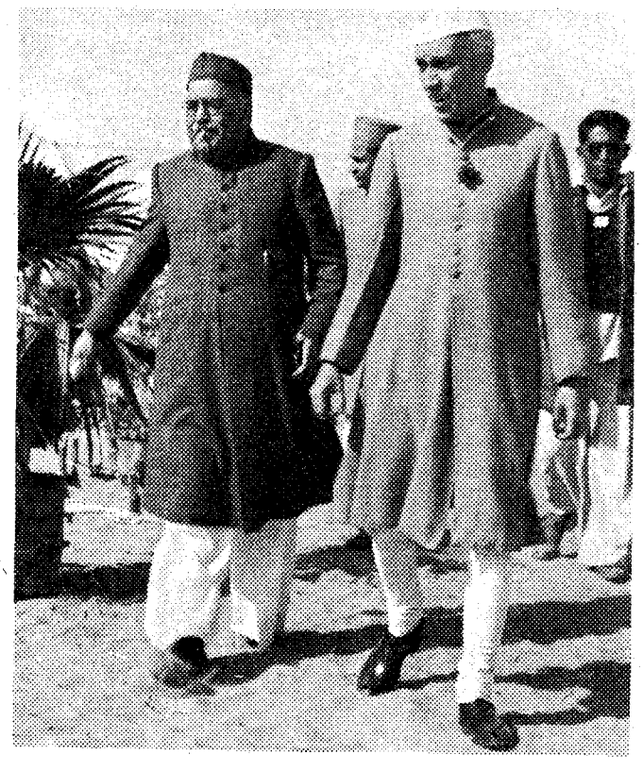
Nehru's recently declared desire to step down, temporarily, from the Prime Ministership was apparently a tactical response to his growing unease atop a lonely pinnacle of power. He has felt increasingly frustrated by politicians and bureaucrats—some dully unimaginative, others ideologically out of tune with him—who are always gently explaining why his own first inclinations are impractical.

Significantly, the Congress executive committee, in "declining" his proposal last week, did not object to relieving Nehru of his party duties as Congress president. The Committee even selected a former Patel lieutenant, U. N. Dhebar, as his likely successor in the party post. Dhebar would hardly challenge Nehru's instructions, but he will have plenty of room for free wheeling on issues where there are no specific orders.

To Nehru, busy enough with official duties his departure from Congress office may be welcome. The selection of Dhebar, however, plainly shows that Nehru did not have a better man of his own for the job. It must remind him sharply of his isolation, with Kidwai's death only weeks old.

In more than 30 years of camaraderie, Prime Minister Nehru and Kidwai fought hard against the traditionalist Hindu conservatism identified with Patel. A paunchy, gimlet-eyed Moslem, Kidwai became an arch-enemy of the Moslem League by championing the secular viewpoint so crucial in Nehru's creed. He campaigned alongside Nehru and other Hindu Congress leaders against the League drive to carve an Islamic Pakistan out of India.

The *New Delhi Hindustan Times*, voice of Congress



Nehru and Kidwai at a recent session of the Congress Party.

Selig S. Harrison is a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University, on leave from the Associated Press.

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conservatism, waged futile war against "this cool, calculating, remorseless, always slippery Rafi, for whom the Prime Minister has such a peculiar attachment." There were enraged editorial splutterings whenever Kidwai vanished "underground," as his aides gaily put it, at the white hot stage of a controversy. Only after the disputed issue had been decided in his favor did he reappear, wearing a smile of elfin innocence.

WHY, his enemies would argue, should a Moslem wield so much power in a Hindu-majority country? They joked about the almost unintelligible way he talked through his teeth, but when he made a Parliament policy statement, they strained with everyone else to catch his mumbled words. Though his squat, outsized hulk made him an unimposing public personality, Kidwai was actually the second most powerful man in the Indian Government when he died. He was slated for promotion from his Food Ministry portfolio to the Defense Ministry post now held by Nehru himself.

Even many Indians in the capital were unaware of the ever-present hand of Kidwai in the execution of Nehru's policies. He played the regime's little man who wasn't there. This infuriated his victims, who usually knew enough to blame him for their difficulties but could not catch him in the act.

The general public viewed him mainly as an able administrator, unafraid to cut the formidable red tape of the central government. When Nehru switched him to the Food Ministry from Communications in mid-1952, high food prices were prolonging a shortage that was really over. Despite emergency grain imports from the United States and other countries, people in many areas were as hungry as they had been in the near-famine months of the year before. Kidwai talked Nehru into overruling the Planning Commission to gamble on removal of price controls. The gamble worked.

When Kidwai was his trouble shooter, Nehru had a regular link with his loyal opposition—the Socialist leaders who were once his staunchest helpmates in fighting the Patel machine. Socialist leader Jayaprakash Narayan and later J. B. Kripalani, leader of a bolting Congress faction absorbed by the Socialist Party, had tried to take Nehru with them when they walked out of the Congress after Independence. Nehru's head, somewhat over the protests of his heart, led him to stay in the Congress (and the Prime Ministership). To the argument that the Congress was hopelessly conservative-controlled, Nehru replied that the established Congress organization offered the only vehicle strong enough to stabilize India in the shaky early years.

It was Kidwai who almost succeeded in negotiating a coalition government with the Socialists in early 1953. Narayan and Nehru held two meetings that provided one of the major political sensations since Independence. The coalition would have been a curious political animal, since the Socialists had less than 30 Parliament seats against the Congress total of 365. Nehru had simply decided to make a longshot bid for the companionship of kindred spirits in his government.

The coalition did not materialize as a result of Socialist insistence on advance programmatic agreement. Still, Kidwai worked behind the scenes until his death to strengthen pro-Nehru elements in Socialist ranks. He commanded a respect among key opposition leaders which enabled him to keep them within maneuvering range of the Nehru government.

He even walked into the Communist parlor, serving as Nehru's intermediary when there was reason to believe the Communist High Command could be sounded out on an issue. Sometimes the Communists walked into *his* parlor. He told this writer of overtures from Ajoy Khosh, once his jailmate during the independence movement and now general secretary of the Indian Communist Party, shortly before the 1951 elections.

"He said I should join them and lead a united front against the Congress, that the Communists would not disturb domestic capital, only foreign capital." Kidwai later recalled, "I reminded him that the workers are treated better in foreign industries than our own. He comes to see me whenever he is in Delhi. We have a very good relationship."

Though no Indian newspaper has whispered a word, it was Kidwai again who carried out Nehru's superdelicate political mission in Kashmir in the summer of 1953, an assignment involving hard bargaining with the Kashmir Communists, a *coup d'etat* that could not be permitted to flop, and a tangled web of Hindu-Moslem politics. The mission was so well carried out that outsiders have still not been able to establish the actual extent of the New Delhi complicity in the jailing of Premier Sheikh Abdullah and his replacement with the more reliably pro-Indian Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed.

KIDWAI was the only Nehru confidante ever caught fencing politically with him in public. In 1951, he briefly joined the seceding Kripalani bloc to jolt Nehru into a stronger stand against Patel remnants and their allies. He was out of the Cabinet and back in again during a single hectic August week. Some say Kidwai did not act entirely on his own, since Nehru took over the Congress presidency a few weeks later and promptly ousted Kidwai's targets in the top party officialdom.

Now, three years after he assumed party office, Nehru is bowing out as Congress president. He will keenly miss the fast-stepping Man Friday who knew his way so well through the jungle of New Delhi power rivalries. It is doubtful that Nehru will find another; if it should ever seem that he is losing his touch, this may be one big reason why.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Cooking as Culture

by Joseph A. Barry

SINCE 1907, when she departed California, the left bank of America, and soon thereafter went to live with Gertrude Stein at the rue de Fleurus, well back on the left bank of the Seine, Alice B. Toklas has witnessed the heroic age of cubism, participated in a revolution of writing, surmounted two world wars, an occupation, a liberation, and contemplated the beginning of the end of the twentieth century. And, until July 27, 1946, she shared her experiences with one of the most critically creative minds operating on the creative process and the commonplace events of the daily life.

The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book, with illustrations by Sir Francis Rose (Harper; $4).

The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book reflects all these events but above all it quietly shows the depth of Henry James' observation that a couple—friends, lovers or husband and wife—can only live on the spiritual capital of the poorer one. Miss Stein and Miss Toklas were equally if differently rich. If anything, the experiences they shared were not divided but rather doubled by their sharing of them, and each was to contain the total to which each had contributed. More than Johnson and Boswell, theirs it seems to me was the union of Abélard and Héloise, distinguishable but one and indivisible.

Those who have known these extraordinary women have come to recognize this identity. Those who haven't now can. *The Cook Book of Alice B. Toklas* by Alice B. Toklas is *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* by Gertrude Stein. (Any confusion in the reader's mind is deliberately intended.) When, in a story quite familiar, Miss Stein undertook to write Miss Toklas' memoirs, since the latter delayed endlessly in writing them herself, the "autobiography" that resulted six weeks later was truly remarkable. She did it, as she said, as simply as Defoe did the autobiography of Robinson Crusoe. It was not so much a perfect imitation of Miss Toklas' conversational manner as it was a complete identification with it. In her last books, *Wars I Have Seen* and the lyrical *Brewsie and Willie,* Gertrude Stein returned to the rhythm and clarity of the *Autobiography,* now hers as much as Miss Toklas' and Miss Toklas' as much as hers.

The Cook Book just published is, of course, a cook book and *Moby Dick* is the story of a whale hunt. But in it are the comments of a richly provisioned life, of a cool temperament found only at high altitudes. As Donald Sutherland said so aptly of Gertrude Stein in his important book on her, Miss Toklas "can be thought of as a thoroughly civilized woman operating in Indian territory with the extreme wakefulness and adroitness required by such a situation." Anyone who has lived in France knows how accurate is this description.

The 350-odd recipes which the book contains are deftly folded in and served with observations on geniuses and wives of geniuses whom Miss Toklas has sat with. They partake the flavor of the French character itself, self-analysis and exquisite taste. (The American publishers, by the way, have found it discretionary to omit the recipe for hashish fudge, containing dried, powdered marijuana, which appears in the English edition in a chapter of "Recipes from Friends." Fortunately Carl von Vechten's recipe for garlic ice cream is retained.)

THE French, Miss Toklas explains right off, "bring to their consideration of the table the same appreciation, respect, intelligence and lively interest that they have for the other arts, for painting, for literature and for the theatre. By French I mean French men as well as French women, for the men in France play a very active part in everything that pertains to the kitchen." It is significant, I believe, that this attitude towards cooking as culture occurred in two of the greatest civilizations we have enjoyed, those of the French and the Chinese. If, on this score, American women are failing, it is because they are failed by American men. In America women must cook, as they dress, for other women. Except in California.

By no means, however, should Miss Toklas' book be considered as heavy-handed as this bread-and-butter review. She is far too witty, far too appreciative of the Parisian touch-and-go, to burden the reader or herself with such solemn judgments. She has too much respect for her materials, magnificent cook that she is, ever to treat them other than lightly.

The quality of the cook book is best savoured, perhaps, in a chapter titled "Murder in the Kitchen." It opens thus:

> Cook books have always intrigued and seduced me. When I was still a dilettante in the kitchen they held my attention, even the dull ones, from cover to cover, the way crime and murder stories did Gertrude Stein. When we first began reading Dashiell Hammett, Gertrude Stein remarked that it was his modern note to have disposed of his victims before the story commenced. Goodness knows how many were required to follow as the result of the first crime. And so it is in the kitchen.

Whereupon Miss Toklas proceeds to relate how she learned to commit murder in the kitchen, beginning with a lively carp. She knifes it to death and then gives the recipe for *carp stuffed with chestnuts.* She goes on to murder by smothering, "which was the way to prevent all fowl from bleeding to death and so make them fuller and tastier." She describes one occasion of murder by smothering with mock heroism and culinary callousness:

> I carefully found the spot on poor innocent Dove's throat where I was to press and pressed. The realization had never come to me before that one saw with one's fingertips as well as one's eyes. It was a most unpleasant experience, though as I laid out one by one the sweet young corpses there was no denying one could become accustomed to murdering. So I plucked the pigeons, emptied them and was ready to cook

Braised pigeons on croutons

For 6 pigeons cut ½ lb. salt pork in

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small cubes, place in Dutch oven with 6 tablespoons butter, place pigeons in oven, brown slightly, cover and cook over low flame for 1 hour turning and basting frequently. . . .

The rest of the recipe follows on page 40 of the cook book.

Lately Miss Toklas has ceased reading cook books at bed-time: they keep her from sleeping they are too exciting —the exciting ones, that is. And now she has added one of her own. It is illustrated by Sir Francis Rose fittingly enough, since it is his early paintings that enliven Miss Toklas' dining room. And on the back cover is Dora Maar's fine, recent portrait of Alice B. Toklas —the portrait of a wonderful, proud, distant lady, who, it seems, once sat for Goya in a Spanish shawl.

The Liberal's Liberal

by Bruce Bliven

THIS IS A good book about a great man. Let me say at once that its subject is a friend of mine, and if you are looking for an impartial or hostile review, you should stop reading now.

Sensible people do not loosely throw around the word "great," but in this case I think it is deserved. M. L. Cooke, who might be called "the liberal's liberal," will leave America better than he found it, and because of his own efforts. He is among the two or three people who have done most to warn the nation about the misuse of our soil and the overuse of our water, which unless they are checked (as is tardily beginning to be done) will destroy this nation within a century. Almost singlehanded, he solved the long-continued dispute with Mexico over confiscated oil properties, which was hurting the United States' prestige throughout Latin America. He was head of the delegation which during World War II went to Brazil and helped to restore that country's economy, badly shaken by the dislocations of the conflict.

The Life and Times of a Happy Liberal: A Biography of Morris Llewellyn Cooke, by Kenneth E. Trombley (Harper; $4).

He rendered services in both World Wars in the fields of logistics and shipbuilding. He has been for 40 years in the forefront of the struggle to curb the greed of the private utility companies, and especially those dealing with electricity, and to offset their strange desire to sell a minimum of their product at a maximum price. He has fought unceasingly through a long life for better relations between workers and employers, for the principles of scientific management, and for greater social responsibility on the part of those so often oddly irresponsible people, the engineers. Most of all, he was a prime mover in bringing electricity to the rural homes of America, a social revolution almost as significant as that wrought by Henry Ford. He has done all this so self-effacingly that most people have never heard of him, including many of the beneficiaries of his intelligence and public spirit.

In his old age, H. G. Wells dreamed of a world wide Order of Samurai—superior people devoting their lives to the public service. Cooke, luckily free for most of his career from the immediate necessity for earning a living, comes as close to fulfilling Wells' prescription as anyone I ever heard of. Early in life he came down with an acute case of commonsense—a disease almost as rare as smallpox in this country, and as alien to large numbers of important people. He harbored two strange notions: that the easiest and simplest way to do anything might conceivably be best, and that when public and private interests conflict, the struggle should not automatically be resolved in favor of the latter. The second of these doctrines has now been reversed by the Eisenhower Administration, but for 20 years it was practiced, at least to some extent, by Roosevelt and Truman. For FDR in particular, Cooke was an unequalled trouble-shooter, being called in repeatedly on tough problems, and especially those where someone else had already tried and failed.

His qualifications were several: he was extraordinarily well informed; before he began any job, he went even farther and learned everything he could about it; and he was adept in handling people. Early in life he had learned the importance of "saving face"—never letting your adversary commit himself to a position from which he will then find it hard to recede, which is practically all there is to diplomacy. In all his years of service, Cooke never permitted any committee of which he was head to take a vote on any controversial subject; he followed the old Quaker system of interpreting "the sense of the meeting"; the conclusions reached were almost always unanimous.

One important aspect of his career is hardly mentioned in this careful, conscientious biography, obviously because Cooke modestly concealed the facts. A good many high-powered executives, no doubt from obscure psychological motivation, try to work themselves to death; for many years it was standard procedure when things got really desperate, for somebody to send for Cooke, who could give a one-visit briefer psychotherapy that would often work wonders. He taught many men, including this reviewer, the invaluable trick for an exhausted brain worker of going to bed every afternoon for an hour before dinner. (Lying down with your clothes on won't work: you must really go to bed.) He has saved Heaven knows how many men from pneumonia by giving them a pair of rubbers (from a large stock kept on hand for this purpose) when they came to Washington in winter and arrived at his apartment in the Hay-Adams House in the middle of a snow storm.

WHEN he is in the capital, which he is during much of every year, Cooke holds court daily at breakfast at the corner table nearest the left-hand door to the Hay-Adams dining room; anybody could get, in the course of a few mornings, a liberal education on conservation—physical and human—on psychology, economics, politics and many other matters, if he had sense enough to keep still and listen to Cooke and his guests from all over the world.

Mr. Trombley's book is clearly a labor of love. He admires Cooke and considers him a thoroughly useful citizen. I don't see how it would be possible to read this volume without sharing these attitudes.

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The Philosophy of Science

by John E. Smith

PHILOSOPHERS in recent years have been more given to writing essays than to producing systems and one of the results is that many of the books that have been appearing in the field of philosophy represent collections of these essays organized more or less successfully around some single theme. *Sovereign Reason* is such a collection consisting of sixteen essays and having as its main concern the analysis and interpretation of the method, the structure and social relevance of natural science in the modern world. The outstanding merit of Nagel's collection is the clarity with which the main themes in the philosophy of science stand out, a feature which is due not only to the skillful arrangement of the essays but also to the fine equipment which the author brings to his task. There can be no doubt that Nagel's acquaintance with the logical structure and actual procedures of the particular sciences is extensive and that he is in a better position than most to consider his subject matter directly — without that initial dependence upon philosophical pre-conceptions which has sometimes vitiated similar enquiries in the past. While Nagel himself tends to minimize the unity of his book, the reader will discover that the essays are all held together by the common thread of their one subject matter as well as by the naturalistic philosophical perspective which they disclose.

Sovereign Reason, by Ernest Nagel (Free Press; $5).

How central modern science is to all the essays can be seen from the fact that the four main problems around which they are grouped—the relation of scientific theory to ordinary experience (the relation between the table which is supposed to be "a dance of electrons" and the solid table of familiar experience); the nature and basis of reliable knowledge; the perennial quest for a total view of the universe; and the relations of science to society—are all required by Nagel as part of the "philosophy of science." From this perspective, the entire field of philosophy is exhausted by the philosophy of science and, in fact, Nagel would have us believe that instead of thinking and writing about reality or experience, responsible philosophers should direct their attention to science and not another thing. Those who are puzzled by this limitation of the field would do well to bear in mind that Nagel's faith in science is so great and his awareness of its involvement in our ordinary life is so vivid that he has no choice but to think of it as the only subject worthy of serious philosophical reflection.

THE tone of virtually every essay is that of criticism and Nagel is at his best when he is subjecting some proposed theory to the most searching scrutiny. Several examples will serve to illustrate the point. Russell is criticized for bringing the theory of sense data to his interpretation of science as well as for his belief that empiricism is not a self-supporting position but stands in need of postulates which cannot be inductively justified; Whitehead's method of extensive abstraction, intended as a sort of bridge between the abstract concepts of science and concrete experience, is said to be logically defective and, even worse, unnecessary, since Nagel sees no genuine philosophical problem in the gulf between the objects of physics and the qualitative things of gross experience. Eddington is roundly attacked both for his view that science does not know reality except in its mathematical structure and for his persistent attempt to bring physics to the support of philosophical idealism. As regards Dewey, Nagel finds himself in agreement with the temper and main drift of his naturalism and pluralism, but it is abundantly clear that he is uneasy in the face of Dewey's thesis that all thought is instrumental. Nagel has too high a regard for formal logic and the theoretical function of scientific explanation to be altogether content with the account of science offered by instrumentalism. In addition to these criticisms, Nagel writes with acumen about the investigations of Peirce, Reichenbach and Blanshard on such topics as Education, probability, the nature of causation and the meaning of being rational. The non-technical papers which complete the collection are concerned in the main with expressing Nagel's convictions about the need for science and critical intelligence in confronting current problems, and to voice his vigorous disapproval of those who do not share his faith in the sufficiency of empirical science to cope with all human perplexities.

That we learn a great deal from Nagel's reflective criticism is not to be disputed, but it is actually incontestable that we are frequently left in the dark about his own constructive position. There are numerous indications that he accepts a contextualistic naturalism, but this position manifests itself more as a method, an attitude and a temper of mind than as a positive doctrine concerning the nature of reality. In a sense this is consistent since what Nagel calls the philosophy of science pays more attention to the logic or methodology of science than to the relation between the conclusions of the sciences and a comprehensive picture of the real world.

IN A great many places Nagel writes as though it were a fact that every significant problem calling for investigation is clearly and unambiguously set down within the context of some special science. Such a view at once invites the question: what then is the nature and status of the problems envisaged by what Nagel calls "the philosophy of science"? Does he mean that the philosophy of science is another science, not in the harmless sense in which any rationally conducted inquiry is said to be a "science," but in the differential and normative sense in which being a "science" means displaying the only type of knowledge Nagel would regard as warranted. Does he mean the same sort of "scientific" answer can be given to a question like (a) Are there any "brute facts" apart from explicit theory? as can be given to a question like (b) What correlations obtain between the density and volatility of the higher alcohols? It is not clear what Nagel's view would be, and the matter might even be set down as unimportant were it not for the fact that, like Dewey, Nagel is engaged in dispensing with certain classical philosophical problems on the ground that they are "wholesale" in character and thus not statable as specific questions manageable by a particular science. We are told, for example, that there is no "*general* 'problem of error' " for philosophy, although he thinks that it is legi-

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timate to ask why men, under specific conditions, make perceptual errors or draw conclusions without warrant. And I suppose that the reason why a philosophical theory of the nature of error as such is rejected by Nagel in that it cannot be regarded as a piecemeal problem in a special science nor can he see any way in which such a theory would contribute to the resolution of particular problems in the special sciences. But if this is his ground for rejecting certain philosophical problems it is difficult to see how the same reasoning would not also show that the philosophy of science (in Nagel's sense) is itself expendable, since there is no clear evidence that the analysis he offers is instrumental in resolving any problems currently exercising the attention of practising scientists.

Above and beyond philosophical differences, however, the present collection of essays must be regarded as an important contribution to the understanding of natural science. Nagel's acute analysis and his provocative form of expression are always illuminating.

A New Role for the Fifth Amendment

by Robert Lekachman

HERE IS another item in a continuing debate about the powers and the duties, the benefits and the dangers, of large business in the United States. Spectators of the debate in recent years will recall with varying degrees of appreciation how Peter Drucker in *The Concept of the Corporation* and David Lilienthal in *Big Business* have glorified almost without reservation the role of giant and the social wisdom of its managers; how T. K. Quinn in *Giant Business, Threat to Democracy* summarized in his title a gallant attack against corporate elephantiasis; and, finally, how Kenneth Galbraith in *American Capitalism* erected in his concept of countervailing power in the most intellectually subtle and most optimistic defense of institutional balance among the state, the corporation and the trade union.

The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution, by A. A. Berle Jr. (Harcourt, Brace; $3).

Adolph Berle, ex-child prodigy and current Liberal Party leader in New York State, himself initiated the modern phase of this debate in the early 1930's when, in collaboration with the economist Gardner Means, he produced a path-breaking analysis of American enterprise in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*. In that book which demonstrated that management and ownership are increasingly separated in the large business organization, Berle eloquently outlined the dangers of concentration, of size, and, above all, of size without legal restraint. The note of alarm that he sounded had its echoes in the Temporary National Economic Committee hearings of the mid-thirties, the strong anti-monopoly activities of Thurman Arnold as Assistant Attorney General, and the pervading atmosphere of distrust of large business characteristic of the period. Liberals united in the conviction that businessmen were dangerous beasts who required the strongest of deterrents from anti-social action, and quoted approvingly Adam Smith's remarks about the propensity of businessmen to conspire against the public. The desire of some liberals to diminish the size of the mastodons of American industry and finance led to such legislative consequences as the Public Utility Holding Company Act complete with "death-sentence" and the undivided profits tax.

BUT big business refused to disappear and, while evidence is incomplete that it is getting still bigger, nothing suggests that it has been shrinking. Moreover, much that passes as independent small enterprise is subservient to the large manufacturers. The many thousands of small businessmen who hold franchises from General Motors, General Electric, Ford, Westinghouse and so on, are independent in appearance alone. The valuable property which is their franchise can be destroyed by unilateral action at small cost to the giant. And the host of small suppliers tied to big customers exist at the convenience of the latter. As never before, business decisions can ruin whole communities. When the hurricane stirred up by General Motors and Ford hits Studebaker, what happens to South Bend, Indiana?

What is worse still is the power of the big company to ruin the individual as capriciously as it elects As an agent of the United States government it can withhold employment because of derogatory information unknown to individuals who possess no right to defense, appeal, or even knowledge Acting in its own right, the large corporation can set its own security standards Where one, two, or three giants dominate a region or an industry, the effect of such decisions, however made, is to deny the right to livelihood of individuals bare of all legal protection

THESE unpleasant concomitants of the economic efficiency Madison Avenue celebrates are graphically sketched by Mr. Berle in a comparatively few pages. So far they are no more than extensions of his twenty-year-old thesis. But there has been a great change in his attitude. Mr. Berle now sees hope both in corporate institutions themselves and in the outside forces which impinge upon them. The forces which promise to protect the individual and his society are two: governmental power and corporate conscience. Much the most fascinating part of this exciting book is an illustration of how evolving legal procedure, private conscience, and governmental pressure can converge on a central problem of corporate power: the right to withhold or grant employment. The law at this time, says Mr. Berle, places almost no restriction upon the right of the employer to hire or fire. But here the law lags behind the facts, for this is no world in which thousands of small employers compete for labor just as millions of workers compete for jobs and in which, therefore, a man may easily find alternatives. Denial of work may mean denial of livelihood. It therefore impinges upon a fundamental constitutional right to liberty and property. Who is to judge that a man is a Communist, or that Communists should not be employed, or that their relatives should not be employed (and so on in a dreary series of ever more inclusive circles)? At this moment, private companies unguided by general standards, unrestricted by legal procedures. Mr. Berle considers their actions deprivation of property without due process of law and both advocates and predicts that the consti-

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tutional safeguards derived from the Fifth Amendment should be extended to the property right of the worker in his job.

A layman can only rejoice at the legal subtlety and boldness on display. But when Mr. Berle adds that corporations will themselves exert pressure upon government to define standards of justice and finds in the conscience of executives a decisive influence, some doubt must attend his thesis. Executives differ like members of any other group, but do they in general possess the social vision Mr. Berle finds in them? Will government prove as responsive an agent of social justice as Mr. Berle and others assume? Or will government take the side of the stronger as ample historical precedent and contemporary example prove perfectly possible? Opinions will inevitably differ on the prospect. While it is interesting and significant that a man of Mr. Berle's stature and continued progressive political opinions should take so cheerful a position, we must hope that in doing so he has resisted the temptation to rationalize the benefits which have flowed from an exceptional period of economic prosperity into a theory of permanent felicity.

PAINTING

INTERVIEWS with Henri Matisse are far from common in the files of American newspapers, but there is one, forgotten in the archives of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which is well worth bringing to light.

Matisse spent a few days in San Francisco on his way to Tahiti in the spring of 1930. He made no direct statements for the press, but reporters were on hand when he visited the California School of Fine Arts. They record that he was polite, affable, and bored in the studios but came to life when he found his way to the storeroom where the students obtained their materials. He systematically explored the school's supplies, opened tubes of paint to smear and smell their contents, fingered brushes, examined canvases, and clearly derived the greatest enjoyment of his sojourn from these few minutes with the tools of his craft.

This fascination with the physical substance of art is eminently typical of Matisse and is characteristic of everything he did throughout his long career. He had enormous respect for the things from which art is made, and this is exhibited as much on the periphery of his work as at its center In the great exhibition of French tapestries held at the Metropolitan in 1948, Matisse was the only designer of the last 350 years to give evidence of concern for wool; his tapestry, alone among those produced after 1600, was a textile and not a faked-up reproduction of an oil painting. When he designed a ballet costume, it brought forth the silhouette of the figure and aided in the definition of its movement. When he illustrated a book, he worked as much in terms of the type-faces as in terms of the drawings derived from the sense of the text.

All this is very simple, although, as in the case of the tapestry, much of it had been forgotten for several centuries, and it had rather surprising, remote implications for modern art in general. Matisse knew that a picture is a picture, an organization of lines and colors on a two-dimensional surface as the critical catch-phrase has it, he maintained the integrity of the picture plane, and from maintaining the integrity of the picture plane it is only a step to maintaining the integrity of the bright, magical stuff than can be squeezed from a tube. Contemporary abstract expressionism, the school of drip and blob, thus owes a major debt to Matisse. Another group that owes him much is composed of those who collect folk art. Matisse's insistence that all parts of a painting must function actively is beautifully exemplified in the work of a painter like Joseph Pickett, the untrained storekeeper of New Hope, Pennsylvania, who found it easier to return to first principles than did Matisse himself, since he had no second principles to unlearn. If Pickett is prized today, we may thank Matisse for opening our eyes to his virtues.

Perhaps the most far-reaching and unexpected aspect of Matisse's influence can be found in the structure and adornment of religious edifices. It would be too much to say that Matisse converted the Church, but he was associated with Father Couturier and the group of modern artists who worked in the famous Nôtre Dame at Assy, beginning in 1937. It seems scarcely accidental, although art historians have failed to note it, that ten years after the start at Assy the Pope issued an encyclical, *Mediator Dei,* in which the use of contemporary art forms in the Roman church is officially approved one year later, Matisse began his designs for the Chapel of the Rosary at Vence. The long identification of religious art with antiquarianism is broken in the West's principal stronghold of religious orthodoxy. Vence is the most celebrated example of the result, and it establishes a relationship between Christian institutions and the modern artist which is already bearing fruit in many parts of the world.

Matisse, the iconoclast of 1905, emerges in full perspective as a craftsman in a very old tradition, although, unlike some of his contemporaries, his self-conscious gestures toward tradition were extremely few. One of the most interesting of these gestures attracted much attention at the time of the large Matisse retrospective held at the Philadelphia Museum of Art in 1948. This involved a pair of related paintings, a copy of a still life by the seventeenth century Dutch master, De Heem, which Matisse had made as a student in 1893, and a Variation on the same painting which he produced in 1916.

The copy faithfully set forth the meat pies, fruit, peeled lemons, glassware, and vessels of gold and silver which De Heem invariably painted. The Variation was at least four times bigger. It was an immense, dissonant fugue in black, with incidental color; its forms were abstracted into their nearest loops and angles, and these broke, bisected, and thrust against each other in thin lines and thick its brilliant greens and reds were the color of design and not of local description; and "atmosphere," the old masters' envelope of air defining depth, was altogether gone. Another important contrast between the copy and

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the Variation lay in their handling of the canvas. In the earlier version the canvas was simply a support for the paint and was completely covered and hidden In the later it shone through at every point; it was a mirror of the light and joined with the color it bore to produce brilliance and life.

"What I dream of is an art of balance, of purity and serenity, devoid of troubling or depressing subject matter, an art which might be for every mental worker, be he businessman or writer, like an appeasing influence, a mental soother, something like a good armchair in which to rest from physical fatigue." So Matisse had written in 1908, in a famous statement often invoked both by friendly and unfriendly critics. Not long after, at the time of the Armory show of 1913, his "mental soothers" were widely denounced as "ugly," "coarse," and "revoltingly inhuman"; art students in Chicago burned one of his pictures in effigy, and the *New York Times* sent a correspondent to search him out in the suburbs of Paris to see if he was a normal human being. His program of mental appeasement scarcely worked, either then or later! he might borrow Baudelaire's line, *Luxe, calme, et volupté,* as a title for a painting, but the painting itself stimulated, drove, and compelled.

He had his heavy and tragic periods, relatively early in his career, but his most monumental period, at least so far as easel painting is concerned, was in the second decade of the present century, when he employed canvases of enormous size on which to paint flat, arbitrary, and abstracted forms in pungent, grandiose color. Abstraction gave way to other interests in the 1920's and 1930's; from this era date the majority of Matisse's still lifes, odalisques, Mediterranean landscapes, and warm, southern interiors. Color here rises to its highest pitch of dazzling intensity, and subject plays a more important role than at any other period of Matisse's life. In the late 1930's and the 1940's, the flatness of the arabesque reasserts itself, and the third dimension, with which Matisse had long maintained only the most tenuous relations, disappears; the triumph of the canvas is complete. Last of all, to judge from the exhibition circulated by the Museum of Modern Art in 1952, was a series of collages in colored paper, a medium which provides the ultimate in flat, unmodulated color and the ultimate, likewise, in kinetic brilliance; the forms in these collages are perhaps the simplest that Matisse ever invented, and among the most direct and telling.

He was first of all a painter, but there is no department of art which did not benefit from the quickening vitality of his touch. *Joie de vivre* is the title of one of his most celebrated early works. Toward the end, when the Philadelphia Museum asked him for a verbal statement to go with its exhibition, he took a large piece of paper and on it he wrote four words: *Le fraicheur de l'instinct.* The phrase might well be cut on his headstone.

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

THEATRE

WHEN I heard that Marcel Pagnol's trilogy *Marius-Fanny-César* has been transmogrified into a musical comedy by Joshua Logan, S. N. Behrman, and Harold Rome, I thought of James Agate's statement:

> I am no transmogrifier. I do *not* want to see *Gerontius* danced, hear the *Eroica* arranged for string quartet or *Das Lied von der Erde* transcribed for piano accordion; I do *not* want to read *Tartuffe* as a novel. . . .

On the other hand, the best American plays of recent seasons—*Member of the Wedding* and *Caine Mutiny Court Martial*—are adapted from fiction, and one might maintain that dramatic art as such has an epic base or source. Agate meant, of course, to express his distaste for what happens when a living masterpiece falls into the hands of merely commercial craftsmen. Pagnol's trilogy being no masterpiece, one doesn't too much care what is done to it: couldn't it even be improved? Were we all really so eager to see the touching little tragi-comedy of Marius reproduced in all its touching littleness? Let us, rather, grant Mr. Logan his premise: Pagnol's work *can* be regarded as source material for a supercolossal, musical spectacle. Touching little stories surely do not deserve a higher status than the sight of a ship in full sail (presented by Mr. Logan in a gigantic moving projection) or the sight of an Arab dancing girl (presented by Mr. Logan with next to no clothes on). On the contrary, we have been deluged with touching little stories; they lost their interest long ago; whereas lovely ships and lovely girls are always new.

Fanny, a musical play by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan (Majestic).

I am not, I know, expressing Mr. Logan's view of the matter. He has not tried to get rid of the touching little story but rather to make of it a touching big story, and *Fanny* is open to the same criticism as Hammerstein's recent work: it is both too literary and too maudlin. As such, it perhaps reflects the mood of the decade though the reviewers aren't enthusiastic; and, at that, the mood of a decade is not beyond criticism. Then again, Mr. Logan has the defects of his qualities: he is so aware of the audience that it is hard for him to be aware of anything else. He is like a man who wonders so hard if a girl will kiss him back that he forgets to kiss her. The response cannot happen because the-thing-to-respond-to has been neglected; or (which may be the same thing) we are so definitely told how to respond that we can't do it. When the emotions, as in Logan productions, are flung boldly across the footlights, the people on stage seem rather emotionless; if you wear your heart on your sleeve, you necessarily leave a cold empty place in your chest. . . .

I overstate for the sake of clarity. Actually, many scenes *are* touching. There is a case not only for the supercolossal show, as Mr. Logan does it, but also for sentimental melodrama. Critics are rightly on guard against both. Mr. Benthall's supercolossal shows are bad, because that is not the way to do Shakespeare. Many supercolossal musicals are bad, because there is no trace in them of musical, visual, or dramatic taste. Sentimental melodrama is bad when it pretends to be more (for example, when it poses as social drama) or when it fails to be as much (that is, when it is dull). But, in Mr. Logan's hands, the supercolossal show is skillful, grand, and thrilling entertainment in the best nineteenth century tradition (suggesting also at times the visual glamor and mechanical ingenuity of

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Kabuki). To that same tradition belongs sentimental melodrama viewed as a legitimate genre and not as "serious" drama gone wrong. The Victorian actors did not burlesque sentimental melodrama as we do, for Victorian audiences did not take an ironical view of sentiment: they sat with handkerchief in hand, not with tongue in cheek. I suspect than anyone who cannot in some measure recapture the Victorian attitude does not relish theatricality. Of course, that attitude exists in many who would not admit it. In the twentieth century we mistrust our emotions. Reading Dickens' sob-stuff, we feel the catch in our throat but immediately disown it. Twentieth century sentimentality comes to us in disguise, the British disguise being sophisticated chatter (Noel Coward), the American disguise being "tough talk" (Eugene O'Neill). . . .

A few weeks ago I was defending *On Your Toes* against *Carousel* and *King and I*. This was only to say that a musical shouldn't try to be literary, educational, or tragic, not that it shouldn't be melodramatic. Now if the master of musical comedy is George Abbott, the master of musical melodrama is Joshua Logan, and only if you refuse to accept this latter genre will you reject *Fanny*. Only by disowning your own feelings can you totally reject the admittedly "thick" sentiment of the show. Only if you close the eyes and ears of your body and your mind can you totally reject these sights and sounds.

The story is a good one. (A boy loves the sea more than women. His girl, left pregnant, marries an older man. The boy returns, tries to get the girl back . . .) Mr. Logan is interested in narrative. More than that, he knows that if you have really told the story, you have put over the whole drama. Those who like our mood plays will regret that the psychology of Mr. Logan's shows is so crude. But his work serves as a reminder that theatre, first and foremost, tells a story. I feel, as I have said, that he makes too many calculations about his public's responses, but, on the other hand, I cannot but admire his knowledge of that public and his use of it, as Hamlet might say, as a musical instrument. To reduce Pagnol's triple-length narrative to a compact plot is in itself a merely technical job. But Messrs. Logan and Behrman have picked from the long tale just those elements which have resonance at this different moment and in this different place. They have selected the American sentiments—or should I say the elements which would appeal to American sentiment? And Mr. Logan's casting is absolutely continuous with his dramaturgy. He has concentrated Pagnol's story in a handful of American actors —outstandingly, Ezio Pinza, Florence Henderson, and Walter Slezak. Technically, Pinza goes rather unused; he doesn't sing enough; but it is his temperament, his radiance, that enables Mr. Logan to bring César to the vast Majestic audience. Florence Henderson is an actress of some ability; what is more important is that she brings great beauty to *Fanny* and that it is beauty of a type that speaks to the public in their present mood, that brings Pagnol's heroine home to them. In one light Miss Henderson is any American homebody, in another pure youthful loveliness; the combination is unbeatable. The trick that Mr. Logan has pulled—I hope successfully—is to tell a "scandalous" French story while giving the impression that we're all sitting pretty in Our Town, demurely celebrating our own homey virtues.

Looking back over this review, I realize I have given no impression of all the splendid fun that is in the show. The leading comedian, Mr. Slezak, imposes himself the most forcefully of all the actors, perhaps because he employs the least forceful methods, perhaps because, in this adaptation, the protagonist is a character not mentioned in any of Pagnol's three titles: Panisse, the older man whom Fanny marries to give her son a name. It is also in the field of pure fun that many of the minor players make their admirable contribution. Gerald Price and Edna Preston deserve special praise for the individual color they bring to their roles and the whole festive event.

ERIC BENTLEY

Notes on the Critics

JOSEPH A. BARRY has just returned from Paris, where he made several field-trips to Miss Toklas' kitchen. JOHN E. SMITH is a member of the philosophy faculty at Yale. ROBERT LEKACHMAN teaches economics at Barnard College. ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN is the Art and Music Critic of *The San Francisco Chronicle*.

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